

THE OLD SPORTSMEN.

"SEPTEMBER! Come out, 'tis September,
The moon of the hunter is young,"
This style, as perhaps you remember,
Stamped songs that our grandpapas
sung:

I can see the old boys, in their day-time's
December,
But ruddy as pippins and mighty of
lung!

I can see the green coats and white
beavers,
The guns (the old flint-lock affair),
The cockers they used as retrievers
To pick up their partridge or hare;
No beaters to bungle, no bag-making
fevers
Destroy the old-fashioned repose of
their air!

I see them come down by the spinney,
They measure and ram in their lead,
Then start through the turnips, with
"Prinny,"
And "Dash" working gaily ahead;
If a covey is flushed I would wager a
guinea
They'll aim for a minute—but kill
their birds dead!

They go with their old-world precision,
Their quaintness of garb and of gun,
Till out of my day-dreaming vision
They fade in the slant of the sun;
Let's hope they are tramping o'er manors
Elysian,
With asphodel-cover to give 'em good
fun!

CHARIVARIA.

"MANY thanks," writes S. W. to *The Daily Chronicle*, "for your splendid defence of the Budget. . . If it comes to a question of the Lords and Tariff Reform *versus* the present Government and the Budget, the latter will have my whole-hearted support." And now, if the Lords decide, after all, not to throw out the Budget, S. W. will know the reason.

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"Who's Mr. TAFT?" asked a small boy of his father. "Oh, he's the man who is always having North Poles given him," answered the source of all knowledge.

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The "Young Egyptians" have been giving a demonstration of their extreme youth at Geneva.

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"TRAMCARS OVER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE" was the a'armist announcement in a contemporary last week, but happily no lives were lost.

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The Bow Street magistrate has held that omnibus companies have no power



Voice from the Bridge. "I SAY, CHARLES, AS YOU'RE DOWN THERE, YOU MIGHT HAVE A LOOK ROUND FOR MY GOGGLES!"

to charge fares for carrying dogs. In canine circles it is considered that this decision does not go far enough. Seeing how the interior of the vehicle gains in beauty and interest from the presence of these pretty creatures it is thought that they should be supplied with free bones during the journey.

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A lady has just received from the Chief Commissioner a reward of a sovereign for assisting the police. This is a great *coup* for the old adage, "Look after the Coppers and the Pounds will take care of themselves."

**

A report just issued by the Local

Government Board mentions that, when other accommodation is lacking, navvies sometimes sleep in drain-pipes. Is it not, however, just possible that the men do this voluntarily in order to preserve their figures?

**

Farm and Home states that a new kind of pig is wanted. This announcement will no doubt hasten the arrival of the air-hog. "If pigs had wings—" has long been an aspiration.

**

Reading that two hairless dogs have arrived at the Zoo, a dear old lady, who suffers from baldness herself, has sent them, according to our information, a couple of wigs.

TO HALLEY'S COMET.

(SHORTLY EXPECTED IN OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

HALLEY (for short), what moving sights
Beyond the range of vulgar seers
Must have delayed your non-stop flights
During the past two thousand years!
Amid how many strange events
From time to time you've been to see us,
Since you appeared above the tents
Of good old JUDAS MACCABEUS!

On one of your too transient trips
You marked the Huns hot-foot for Rome;
Later, you watched the Norman ships
(W. Conqueror's) cross the foam;
Saw Dutchmen, at Gibraltar, break
The Spanish frigates, mast to kelson;
Assisted at the Lisbon quake,
And beamed upon the birth of NELSON.

Not bad. But yet your visual scope
Should soon be more severely tried,
If, as I hear, you rather hope
To join us in the winter-tide;
For we've a Budget hard to match
In your experience as a comet,
And you might like to try and catch
Some coruscating humour from it.

And, should your other plans permit,
We shall be pleased for you to stay
And notice how our native wit
Decides the issue of the day;
For then, if comets lack for mirth
And find a human farce consoling,
You'll see the brightest show on earth—
The People in the act of polling!

O. S.

THE BUDGET.

"I'M fair tired o' this Budget," said the slave-girl from the ground-floor flat, addressing the porter. "There's bin nothin' but worry ever since it come along. It's knocked our family sideways, and I don't know when we can get together agin. Mother's got a crack on the side of 'er 'ead, father's lost 'is best pair o' Sunday braces, my new 'at's torn to pieces, and Uncle Bill's gone orf in a 'uff with the 'and-somest black eye I ever see on a man's face, and all along o' the Budget."

"Which bit o' the Budget give 'im a black eye?" said the porter.

"Go 'long," said the girl; "I don't want any suckasm about it. It's bad enough without that."

"I thought the inkerrament tax might 'a done 'im," said the porter.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' about your taxes. I'm only tellin' you the story. It was last Sunday night. We'd bin to 'Ampstead in the artemoon, and we'd come 'ome tired, father and mother and me, and we was settin' in the front parlour, when Uncle Bill come in. Uncle Bill's mother's brother, and 'e's got on in the world and laid by a pot o' money. 'Ouse property's 'is game. When 'e saves a bit 'e goes and puts it into bricks and mortar. 'Ouses can't run away, 'e says. It's made 'im a bit uppish. When 'e makes a joke 'e wants you to laugh at it. Mother's always 'ad a 'ard job to keep father orf o' 'im. Father says it fair chokes 'im to 'ear Uncle Bill talk o' the rights o' property when 'e remembers 'im sellin' newspapers in the streets not so many years ago. Well, Uncle Bill come in very 'earty, and 'e says

'e knows there's a steak pudden for supper; 'e could sniff it, 'e says, 'arf a mile away, and 'e's bound to 'ave 'is share of it. Father 'ad took orf 'is coat and unbuttoned 'is weskit and undone 'is braces—made 'isself comfortable like, and 'e told mother to pull up a chair for Uncle Bill and 'urry up with the pudden. Then they began to talk. Uncle Bill says if 'e could get 'old o' LLOYD-GEORGE 'e'd smash 'im. 'What's LLOYD-GEORGE done to you?' says father; and Uncle Bill let go for five minutes about the Budget and the 'Ouse o' Lords. 'You're very thick with the 'Ouse o' Lords,' says father; 'you'll be bringin' 'ome a Duke to dinner,' 'e says, 'and askin' 'im to 'ang 'is coronit be'ind the door and put 'is feet on the table if 'e likes. That's your sort all over,' says father. This made Uncle Bill mad, and 'e says 'e won't 'ear a word agin Dukes, and as for LLOYD-GEORGE 'e's a Socialist, and 'e's drivin' capital out o' the country with 'is death duties and 'is supper taxes. 'Well,' says father, 'if there is a supper tax you ain't payin' it. It's my steak-pudden, and the tax comes on me and I'm willin' to pay. I don't owl for *Dreadnoughts* and then squeal when the bill comes in. That ain't my sort.'

"Uncle Bill couldn't stand this. 'Is face went white with little red spots all over it, and 'e got out of 'is chair and said 'e wouldn't stay to be insulted. 'E was goin' 'ome to alter 'is will,' 'e said. 'Leave it all to the Duke o' Bermondsey,' says father, 'oo cares what you do with your dirty money?' Mother come in as father said this, and she was just in time to get a crack o' the side of the 'ead from Uncle Bill's clay pipe. 'E meant it for father, but it landed on mother, so we kep it in the family. Father's a very proud man, and when 'e saw mother rub 'er 'ead 'e fair lost 'is temper and 'e give Uncle Bill one in the eye. 'There's a bit of capital for you,' 'e says, and 'e knocked Uncle Bill backards agin the wall. That ended it; and Uncle Bill got out quick, and we ain't seen 'im since. My new 'at got trod on in the scuffle. You can't wear a 'at after father's put 'is feet through it."

"'Ow did your father come to lose 'is braces?" asked the porter.

"'E says Uncle Bill must 'a took them when they was wrestlin' about together; but 'e won't demean 'isself to send round for 'em, 'e says. But you can understand I don't want to 'ear any more about this 'ere Budget."

"SANDWICHES (TO MAKE) ("Moorside")—The cook in this case would cut the sandwiches, the parlourmaid packing them, together with the other addenda.—Ed. *The Queen*.

This is only possible however with a well-trained staff. In some houses the undergroom comes bustling in, and insists on inserting the potted meat.

"I must confess that when the home-grown poppy has gone to seed either ripe or unripe, there is a real pleasure in lying outdoors and absorbing spoonful after spoonful of it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The writer is welcome to all the poppy seed so long as we may have the peaches.

"Familiar Quotations."

"Literally, in Mr. Chamberlain's memorable phrase, he 'toils not, neither does he spin.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

The Daily News on the escaped tigress:

"As I telegraph, the spotted beast is still at large."
From our Special Correspondent on the spot.

"Several Scottish breeders make it their custom to offer the cream of their bulls in autumn."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

Rather a rash offer to make. And the Scotch are supposed to be such a cautious race!



CHARLES HALL. "THE BONNE HISTOIRE."

THE CELIBATES.

[Mr. Balfour, speaking on a clause in the Budget Bill which deals with property passing between man and wife, remarked, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in the matter. Like the right hon. gentleman opposite (Mr. Haldane), I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."—See "Essence of Parliament."]]





Examiner. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'PRO' AND 'CON'?"
Bright Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE SPELT DIFFERENT."

TO SECUNDUS.

(Aged 20 months.)

You have capable fingers, Secundus, my son,
And a firm yet a delicate touch;
Though you turn out the visiting-cards one by one
And strew them around you—oh! isn't it fun!
They are, none of them, bent very much;
And you know it's untidy, this game that you play,
For you look up and smile—and then what can I say?

You've adventurous tastes and a will of your own,
And I count it the worst of your sins
That you instantly make for the dangerous zone
Of the fender and coal-box if suffered alone
To toddle about on your pins.
And your rink-like performance I cannot admire
When you fetch up and balance in front of the fire.

There's a music that lurks in each word that you say,
Be it *Tick-tick*, or *Gee-gee*, or *Done!*
And the sound of your laughter no speech can convey,
It is really the sparkle alive in the spray
Of a waterfall lit by the sun.
In your breath there is magic that "Sesame" cries,
For you blow on my watch—*pfif!*—and open it flies!

'Tis your quick sense of fun that I like in you best,
And the fact that you never disdain
To evince your delight at my sorriest jest,
Which, however familiar, is greeted with zest
And demanded again and again.
You've a joke of your own with the bell-push, but this
Is a joke that the housemaid has taken amiss.

You're so fond of a game that there's trouble unless
We admit you to every *partie*;
And you add to the fun, though it's little you guess
That your singular notions of how to play chess
Are a source of discomfort to me.
And your sister has also been known to refer
To your manner with dolls as distressing to her.

You're a mischievous chap, and I freely admit
That I like you for being a Turk;
But there's one thing about you disturbs me, to wit
Your absurd fascination, for here do I sit
When I ought to be up and at work.
You are surely a wizard, Secundus, my lad,
And have bound by a spell your susceptible Dad.

"RELIGIOUS TERRORISM IN LIVER."—Undigested Headline in "The Daily Mail."
You never know where it will get you.

TAKING A CALL.

"MAY I come in?" said Miss Middleton.

I looked up from my atlas (I am going in for the geographical competition) and stared at her in amazement.

"Hullo," I said.

"Hullo," said Miss Middleton doubtfully.

"Are you going to have tea with me?"

"That's what I was wondering all the way up."

"It's all ready; in fact, I've nearly finished. There's a cake to-day, too."

Miss Middleton hesitated at the door and looked wistfully at me.

"I suppose—I suppose," she said timidly, "you think I ought to have brought somebody with me?"

"In a way, I'm just as glad you didn't."

"I've heaps of chaperons outside on the stairs, you know."

"There's no place like outside for chaperons."

"And the liftman believes I'm your aunt. At least, perhaps he doesn't, but I mentioned it to him."

I looked at her, and then I smiled. And then I laughed.

"So that's all right," she said breathlessly. "And I want my tea." She came in, and began to arrange her hat in front of the glass.

"Tea," I said, going to the cupboard. "I suppose you'll want a cup to yourself. There you are—don't lose it. Milk. Sugar."

Miss Middleton took a large piece of cake. "What were you studying so earnestly when I came in?" she asked as she munched.

"An atlas."

"An atlas? Don't say you've been too! I'm going to the South Pole—it's much more splendid. I expect I shall dress like the Esquimaux women; I've seen pictures of them, and Father agrees it would suit me. Do they have Esquimaux at the South Pole? They must have *somebody*, because how would the polar bears live? But perhaps they don't have polar bears."

I took a deep breath.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," I said, "and you're looking jolly, but *do* you think your chaperons would mind if you sat down for a moment and stopped chattering? Because I want your help in rather an important matter."

Miss Middleton sat down and drank her tea. "I love helping," she said.

"Well, it's this. I've just been asked to be a godfather."

Miss Middleton stood up suddenly. "Do I salute?" she asked.

"You sit down and go on eating. The difficulty is—what to call it?"

"Oh, do godfathers provide the names?"

"I think so. It is what they are there for, I fancy. That is about all there is in it, I believe."

"And can't you find anything in the atlas?"

"No, there's nothing in the atlas. 'Sierra Leone' and 'Teddington' are the best."

"How about quite a simple name? Had you thought of 'John,' for instance?"

"No, I hadn't thought of 'John,' somehow."

"Or 'Gerald'?"

"'Gerald' I like very much."

"What about 'Dick'?" she went on eagerly.

"Yes, 'Dick' is quite jolly. By the way, did I tell you it was a girl?"

Miss Middleton rose with dignity.

"For your slice of plum cake and your small cup of tea I thank you," she said, "and I am now going straight home to Mother."

"Not yet," I pleaded.

"I'll just ask you one question before I go. Where do you keep the biscuits?"

She found the biscuits and sat down again.

"A girl's name," I said encouragingly.

"Yes. Well, is she fair or dark?"

"She's very small at present. What there is of her is dark, I believe."

"Well, there are millions of names for dark girls."

"We only want one or two."

"'Barbara' is a nice dark name. Is she going to be pretty?"

"Her mother swears she is. I didn't recognize the symptoms. Very pretty and very clever and very high-spirited, her mother says. Is there a name for that?"

"I always call them whoppers," said Miss Middleton under her breath.

"How do you like 'Alison Mary'?" That was my first idea.

"Oh, I thought it was always 'William and Mary.' Or else 'Victoria and Albert.'"

"I didn't say 'Alice and Mary,' stoopid. I said 'Alison,' a Scotch name."

"But how perfectly sweet! Did you make it up yourself, or does it come from the atlas? Oh, why weren't you my godfather! Would you have given me a napkin ring?"

"Probably. I will now, if you like. Then you approve of 'Alison Mary'?"

"I love it. Thank you very much. And will you always call me 'Alison' in future?"

"I say," I began in alarm, "I'm not giving that name to you. It's for my godchild."

"Oh no! 'Alisons' are *always* fair."

"You've just made that up," I said suspiciously. "How do you know?"

"Sort of instinct."

"The worst of it is I believe you're right."

"Of course I am. That settles it. Now, what was your next idea?"

"'Angela.'"

"'Angela,'" said Miss Middleton, "are *always* fair."

"Why do you want all the names to yourself? You say everything's fair."

"Why can you only think of names beginning with 'A'? Try another letter."

"Suppose you try now."

Miss Middleton wrinkled her brow and nibbled a lump of sugar.

"'Dorothy,'" she said at last, "because you can call them 'Dolly.'"

"There is only one."

"Or 'Dodo.'"

"And it isn't a bird."

"Then there's 'Violet.'"

"My good girl, you don't understand. Any of these common names the parents could have thought of for themselves. The fact that they have got me in at great expense—to myself—shows that they want something out of the ordinary. How can I go to them and say, 'After giving a vast amount of time to the question I have decided to call your child 'Violet'?' It can't be done."

Miss Middleton absently took another lump of sugar and, catching my eye, put it back again.

"I don't believe that you've ever been a godfather before," she said, "or that you know anything at all about what it is you're supposed to be going to do." There was a knock at the door, and the liftman came in. Miss Middleton gave a little cough of recognition.

"A letter, Sir," he said.

"Thanks. . . . And as I was saying, Aunt Alison," I went on in a loud voice, "you are talking rubbish."

"Bah!" I said angrily, and I threw the letter down.

"Would you like to be left alone?" suggested Miss Middleton, kindly.

"It is from the child's so-called parents, and their wretched offspring is to be called 'Violet Daisy.'"

"'Violet Daisy,'" said Miss Middleton solemnly, trying not to smile.

"Why stop there?" I said bitterly.

"Why not 'Geranium' and 'Artichoke,' and the whole blessed garden?"

"'Artichoke,'" said Miss Middleton gravely, "is a boy's name."

"Well, I wash my hands of the whole business now. No napkin ring from me. Here have I been wasting hours and hours in thought, and then just when the worst of it is over they calmly step in like this. I call it—"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton eagerly.

"I call it simply—"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton.

"'Violet Daisy,' I finished, with a great effort.

A. A. M.



IF CABINET MINISTERS MUST HAVE SIX POLICEMEN IN ATTENDANCE WHEN THEY PLAY GOLF ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, THEN EACH POLICEMAN MIGHT SURELY CARRY A CLUB. THIS WOULD SERVE A DOUBLE PURPOSE :—(1) CADDIES COULD BE DISPENSED WITH ; (2) THE CLUBS WOULD SERVE AS WEAPONS OF OFFENCE AND DEFENCE IN CASE OF A SUFFRAGETTE RAID.

POLAR PROTESTS.

CAPTAIN SCOTT has received thousands of applications from persons ambitious to join his expedition in search of the South Pole. He has also received letters urging him not to accept certain candidates, and of these letters we are able to print a few.

A FOND MOTHER writes:—"I am greatly distressed by my son Harold's determination to join your expedition. He feels sure that his experience gained as a Boy Scout since last Easter would be most useful to you in discovering the South Pole. He certainly is a clever boy, but he suffers from a weak chest, and even in summer he runs great risk in the scanty uniform of the Scout. On the sea and amid the ice and snow I cannot think what might happen to him, and I beg of you to let a mother's pleading persuade you to spare him to me, whatever inclination you may have to avail yourself of his knowledge, which really is considerably above the average."

Another letter runs:—"Captain Scott, if my husband asks you to take him to the south Pole don't you. He has got to stop him and do a bit of work for me and his offsprings like what I keep on telling him. His name is called Sam Brown but is artful enough to call himself Robinson or anything. He will sure to say you need not trouble to bring him back and you will no him by that and if he comes to see you he has got a wadded leg. Yours sincerely Mrs. Brown."

SWEET SEVENTEEN writes: "Harry has made me so miserable by saying that he will volunteer to go with you. It was all over a stupid necktie; he wanted a horrid plain one; I wanted him to have the one with little pink flowers, and I made him buy it. Please, dear Captain Scott, he is not so strong and clever as his letter may lead you to think—at least, he is not strong and clever enough to fight polar bears and learn Equimox (is that the way to spell it?), though he is awfully handsome. Of course it would be splendidly heroic of him to find the South Pole; but there are other heroic things that need not take him away from England—like the Territorials and that sort of thing. Dear Captain Scott, I am sure you know just how I feel, and I think you are such a nice and courageous man, so please don't take Harry."

The Editor of a popular magazine writes:—"I have learnt to-day that Mr. ———, the well-known author, is desirous of joining your expedition, his purpose being to gain local colour for a South Polar romance, and to escape for a time from the house-dinners of the Authors' Club. As the withdrawal of this popular writer's work from our pages even for a time would be disas-

trous to this magazine, I consider that I am justified in informing you that Mr. ——— is an inveterate and shockingly bad bridge-player, and that he suffers from chronic and acute indigestion—things which render him but poor company in a confined space like an ice-cabin or a snow-hut. If you could see your way to avoid accepting his offer I should be most grateful; and as some recognition of your assistance I should be happy to consider the publication of the exclusive serial rights of your 'story' when you return, at our usual rates of payment."

THE BORDER LAND.

WHEN forty years had taken toll
Of love-locks from my plundered poll,
I smugly smiled within my soul,
"For now," thought I, "I'm mated
To peaceful middle age. No more
Need I attempt to ply the oar,
The bat I always found a bore,
The racquet which I hated.

"It is no more my painful lot
To train away what flesh I've got
In hopes of capturing some pot
Or silly bit of ribbon."
I hailed the prospect of repose,
And so, with spectacles on nose,
I settled in my chair to doze
At leisured ease through Gibbon.

Serene and calm life's evening grew,
And sweetly swift the moments flew
Till soon—yes, all too soon—I knew
Without my wife I'd reckoned;
She, thirsting with a fiery thirst
For youth, grew wrath when I, immersed
In the delights of tome the first,
Would offer her the second.

She still has ears to hear the call
Of sportive youth that cries, "Love all!"
Refusing to decline and fall
Into the sere and yellow;
She craves the fast and furious set,
The lightning rally at the net—
She is not ripe for Gibbon yet,
While I am richly mellow.

So when returning tired from town
At four o'clock I settle down
To read the master, fierce her frown,
And rage begins to bubble;
She fidgets in her chair. I see
Nerve-shaking glances shot at me
And wonder what on earth will be
The end of all this trouble.

Will her white hairs, which draw a groan
When in the mirror they are shown,
First shame her into playing Joan,
Contented to be one with
This Darby? Or perhaps the shame
Of having but a waist in name
Will drive me to resume a game
That I had hoped was done with?

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

"I HAVE seen a good deal in the papers lately," said Ponker, "about the unwisdom of bringing up boys and girls with separate sets of ideals; and when I read anything under that head, I think of poor Tarleton Weir smoking his lonely pipe o' nights by the pale light of the Southern Cross, and dreaming all the while of the London street lamps."

He allowed a minute for the visualization of this pathetic picture, and then continued:—

"For ten years Tarleton lived very contentedly in a garret. Not a garret really, you know, but three top-floor, Turkey-carpeted rooms overlooking the gardens of one of the Inns of Court; and his sober wishes never learned to stray very far from the scene of his daily labours at the Chancery Bar. At night, for example, he would often spend long hours by his own fireside, nursing an unread French novel, and thinking about things. (Most people are incapable of thought, and that is why jig-saw puzzles and the musical comedies are possible.)

"Well, it was at some semi-public function that he met Cartwright; and Cartwright, by one of those mischances that will happen, took a great fancy to him. 'Now mind,' he said, as he gripped Tarleton's hand at parting—he was a loud, genial, elderly man, this Cartwright person—'mind, you've promised to dine with us this day week. Not a party, you know—you must just take us as you find us.' 'Oh! not at all,' murmured Tarleton, which obviously was not the right answer, but sounded polite. (What is the proper answer, by the way, to this inanity?)

"Tarleton was never a good hand at excuses, and as he failed to frame one within the week, he had to go all the way out to Raynes Park and take the Cartwrights as he found them.

"He found them attaching more importance to table decorations than to the quality of their claret, and he soon suspected that Mary, the eldest daughter, was not blameless in this matter.

"Now, although (so he afterwards assured me) he was dull and distraught that evening, the Cartwrights (for some reason never discerned) persisted in liking him. So other invitations followed, and passive resistance seemed unavailing. There were Sundays up the river, a week-end visit . . . and then there came a day when one of the Cartwright flappers said, 'Oh, Mr. Weir will come on with Mary, of course, in the canoe.'

"He knew there was no way out of it then. He never blamed Mary or the flappers or anyone, but accepted the situation manfully.

"There seemed to be no good reason for delay. And so these two poor dears prepared, each in separate fashion, to tread the thorny path of Life together. Tarleton bought a ticket for the Stores, because he thought he would get his tobacco a little cheaper that way, and Mary decided that she ought now to go to a dressmaker whose charges were really ruinous.

"But still there might have been no catastrophe, I think, if Tarleton had not been shown the wedding-presents *all at once*, or if Mary had been tactful enough to say, 'You know, my dear, we can easily sell them, and spend the money on cigars.'

"At first Tarleton was merely bewildered; he had never seen so many unnecessary things collected together in one room before. He looked blankly about him, and saw hideously-distorted reflections of his own face mowing at him from a hundred plated butter-coolers. Then, in a flash, he realised it all, and knew that he had got to *live* with these horrors. Hand-painted milking-stools, that upset at a touch, would dot his drawing-room. The sacred breakfast hour would be made turbulent by the bubbling and steaming of patent urns and egg-boilers. For a pepper-pot he must make choice between a silver owl with perforated head and an electro-plated lighthouse. Books must be cut with a jewelled scimitar, instead of with the forefinger. There were surgical implements for the elaborate dissection of walnuts and lobsters, and a tantalus promised the misery of hunting for a key every time he wanted a whisky-and-soda. . . . And clocks! Nineteen of them! and each to be wound daily, or only on Fridays, or biennially, or something! And a silver-and-ebony pipe-rack! ('So kind of the dear Dean to remember your tastes,' said Mary; 'you'll have to be tidy now, Tarleton.' 'Yes, but what on earth is it for?' gasped Tarleton. And then it was broken to him. Pipes were to be kept, if you please, *sus. per coll.*, like criminals—as if mantelpieces had never been invented—in a little dark room under the hot-water cistern—the 'smoking-room,' gad-zooks! And Tarleton, mark you, was the author of that sublime phrase, 'The world is my smoking-room'—the noblest rebuke, surely, ever administered to an over-officious club secretary.)

"Life stretched before him in dreary perspective, with every daily act transformed into a hideous little ceremony, to be carried out with the aid of glittering appliances of wrought silver or the best electro-plate. New and trivial duties confronted him, too—as, for example, to be sure and press grapes upon the Jacksons when they dined at his house, because they were the givers



Pat. "COULD YER GIVE A MAN A JOB, YER HONOUR?"

Barber. "WELL, YOU CAN REPAINT THIS POLE FOR ME."

Pat. "BE JABERS, I CAN, SOR, IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE TO BUY THE STRIPED PAINT."

of the silver grape-scissors. A great disgust of over-civilization seized him. Mary he could have liked, but Mary's Fancy Bazaar—never! It was all too terribly complex . . .

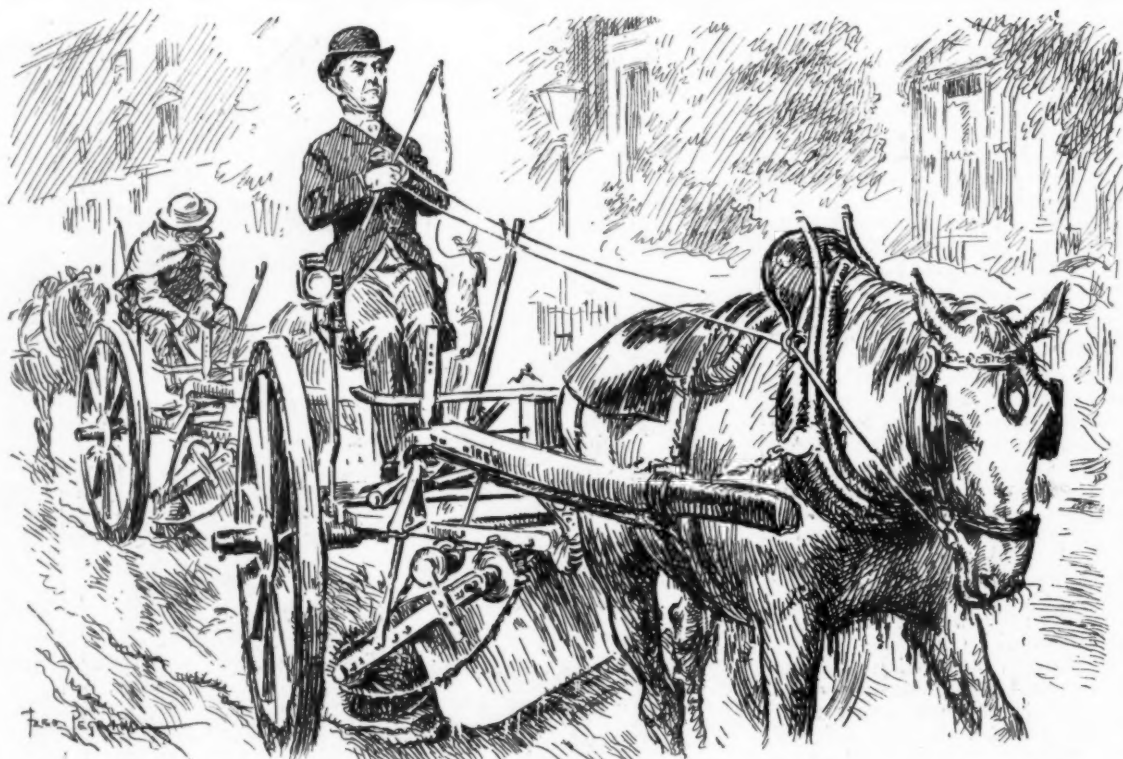
"The night before the wedding-day a pale man slunk inconspicuously through the dock gates at Southampton; and when the light of morn broke out over the waters he was lying very, very ill in a comfortable state-room somewhere south of the Wight."

"He behaved very badly," said Ponker's audience severely.

"I don't know," replied Ponker slowly.

"I think Mary's education was to blame. Girls are brought up to think the silver superfluities of life are essential to married happiness, while man's natural tendency is to go and live without sugar-tongs in a tent. Woman ought to meet him halfway. And I think," he added, grave beyond his wont, "I think these two might have lived very happily together if Mary could have been content to crack nuts—if nuts she must have—in the ordinary way, in the dining-room door. . . ."

He shook his head sadly, and fell into a reverie.



THOMAS JARVIS (FORMERLY HEAD-COACHMAN TO THE VERE DE VERES) WHO, THOUGH OUSTED FROM HIS PLACE BY THE MOTOR-CAR AND OBLIGED TO ACCEPT LESS SPLENDID EMPLOYMENT, YET RETAINS HIS OLD DIGNITY AND STYLE.

OUR FLYING AUTHORS.

THE example of Signor GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, who has been tasting the joys of aviation at Brescia, has not been lost on his British *confrères*.

Mr. HALL CAINE has recently communicated to a representative of the Aerated Head Company his wonderful experiences when aviating with Lieutenant CALTARARA and General BOUM in their remarkable Manx triplane, driven by a 3-cylinder Catter-Wall motor. "When the flying machine soared aloft," says the famous novelist, "I experienced a sensation of delirious ecstasy only comparable to the sensations of a reader of one of my books or a spectator of one of my plays. So powerful was the enchantment that I was insensibly moved to sing, and warbled the following lines in my fruitiest baritone:—

But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
And, mounting up in figures out of sight,
Leaves Truth behind her in audacious flight.

The effect of my singing was so overwhelming that the General and the Lieutenant both simultaneously let go their hold of everything, and the triplane plunged down with appalling velocity. Realising our danger, by a

supreme effort of volition I distended my cranium with such extraordinary success as to counteract the downward swoop and practically to convert an aeroplane into a balloon. Reassured by my intrepid intervention, the two sky-pilots recovered their equanimity and soon manœuvred the machine gently to mother earth."

Mr. CHESTERTON, after flying with Mr. CODY on Laffan's Plain, expressed himself as follows to a representative of the Paradox Club:—

"When CODY's aeroplane rose, I found, like D'ANNUNZIO, that the consciousness of the weight of my body seemed entirely lost, and the relief was so ecstatic that in order to render it justice I was obliged to chant the lines from *Quinault*:

Il est beau qu'un mortel jusques aux cieux
s'élève,
Il est beau même d'en tomber.

I may say that I returned to earth reluctantly. But the effect will not soon pass off. My mental vision has been clarified, my thoughts codified by my flight. I must fly again with CODY or BLÉRIOT or WRIGHT, but not with THOMAS WRIGHT."

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, who has also

recently made a trip in Mr. CODY's aeroplane, writes as follows:—

"When CODY's aeroplane arose
I felt, as you may well suppose,
A tingling feeling in my toes
And at the apex of my nose,
Quite incompatible with prose.
And ever as we higher flew
I sang to CODY of LE QUEUX,
MAX PEMBERTON and EUGÈNE SUE,
And other bookmen old and new.
It was, in short, a trip sublime,
And curiously, all the time
My thoughts expressed themselves
in rhyme
Quite faultless in its tuneful chime."

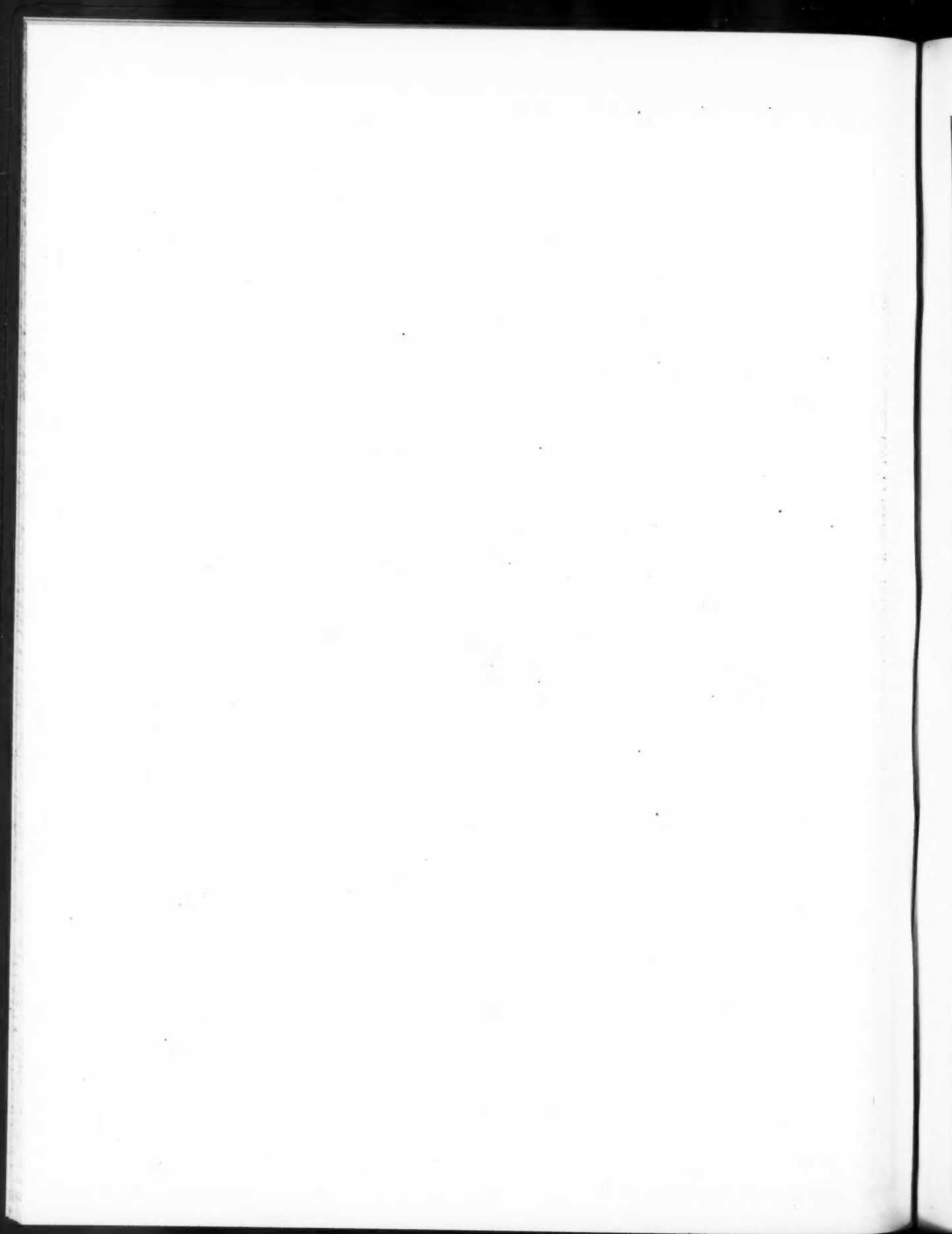
"The 7.15 p.m. train from Dolgelly to Barmouth will continue to run every week-day up to September 30th instead of up to September 30th as advertised."—*The Barmouth Advertiser*.
The distinction between, say, "Chippendale" and "Chippendale as advertised" is equally marked.

"In the Furness district adders grow to an unusual size, from 25in. to 30s. being apparently the normal development."—*Leeds Mercury*.

Another sixpence and it comes to as much as three feet.



GUIDES TO TRUTH.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 13.—When NAPOLEON BONAPARTE found himself enmeshed in his Moscow campaign, disaster staring him in the face, he turned to the constitution of the newly-founded Imperial Opera at Paris and busied himself with formulating rules for its management.

Curious how in varied fashion, sometimes slavishly, more often indirectly, history repeats itself. For fully three years NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has been engaged in the work of re-establishing the British Army. Not since the days of CARDWELL—a reformer much maligned in his time, now on a pedestal crowned with laurel by a grateful nation—has the task been pursued with equal boldness, originality and success. To-night he lightly takes in hand direction of a section of the Budget.

Whilst CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rests from his labours with the Land clauses, and the PREMIER plumes himself on having successfully carried Licensing Duties through Committee, N. B. H. buckles to the Death Duties, handling them with an ease and skill that could not be exceeded were they a battalion of Territorials.

Personal sacrifice more marked by reason of counter-attraction. Though he sits on the Treasury Bench listening to EVELYN CECIL proposing to barter DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S trousers with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in default of landed estate subject to Death Duties, his heart is not here. It is away in the highlands by Mergentheim, a-chasing the Red Army or the Blue, according as he has been assigned position by the GERMAN EMPEROR. Of all the stirring delights life offers to an ex-Barrister, there is none more riotously stirs the blood of N. B. H. than galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns of the enemy, with sure knowledge that they are not loaded.

Such might have been his privilege at the War Manœuvres this week conducted in Germany under the personal supervision of the EMPEROR and our PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Duty calls to the humdrum business of Committee on the Budget. Instinctively he salutes

and obeys, leaving to WINSTON the privilege (in conjunction with the Imperial War-Lord) of showing German Generals and Captains how a campaign should be successfully conducted.

Business done.—In Committee on Death Duty clauses of Budget Bill. PRETYMAN, back after brief holiday, takes up the running. In despair at

Duties negated by more than two to one—82 for, 170 against.

Tuesday.—Throughout Session the Ladies' Gallery has been so quiet Members have almost forgotten its existence as an integral portion of the Chamber. No banners suddenly hang out on its outer walls. No irrelevant remark announcing the prime ambition of woman interrupts ordered speech. No case of unrequited affection is disclosed by discovery of forcible attachment of more or less young person to unresponsive grille.

State of things made more noteworthy a sudden unmistakable flash of interest that at particular moment of today's sitting passed through the group seen, as through a glass darkly, behind the iron casement. It happened when PRINCE ARTHUR interposed in debate on amendment to Budget Bill exempting from operation of second sub-section of Clause 42 property passing between husband and wife.

"As an individual Member of the House," he observed, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in this matter."

Looking shyly across Table at that other gay young bachelor, the WAR MINISTER, he added: "Like the right hon. gentleman opposite, I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."

Of course nothing new in condition of affairs indicated. Every mother in Israel knows that PRINCE ARTHUR and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE are still "on the market." But the pointed reminder came so unexpectedly, dropped so suddenly on arid waste of discussion about one per cent. succession duty and the like, that it naturally fluttered the dove-cote over the Press Gallery.

One day in the last Parliament, COUSIN HUGH, strolling down Bond Street, had his attention drawn to an article displayed for sale in a modiste's shop-window. Forget at the moment what was the occasion or what the argument sought to be established. Well remember Lord HUGH standing below the Gangway, blushing to the roots of his hair, wringing his hands in pitiful embarrassment as he informed the House that the article was "what he believed was called a corset." Mentioned its price and other particulars, which indicated that his



"AN EX-BARRISTER" (HAD HE GONE TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES).

"Galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns." (Rt. Hon. Mr. Haldane.)

prospect of increased toll levied on big estates, he met Ministerial argument that the burden was placed on strong shoulders able to bear it.

"Yes," said PRETYMAN, "but after the strong have been destroyed, who will look after the rich?"

"They'll look after themselves," said a matter-of-fact Labour Member.

PRETYMAN hadn't thought of that.

Amendment against increase of Death



"A LIVELY MEASURE!"

(With grateful acknowledgments to J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

study had not been so fleeting as introductory remark implied. And here was COUSIN ARTHUR, sheltering himself in the companionship of a celibate on the Treasury Bench, coming forward as the champion of married couples harried by a blood-sucking Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Why," he cried, in voice vibrating with indignation, "by the operation of the Income Tax you fine husband and wife for living together, and by the imposition of Estate Duty you fine them because they do not die together."

Later, whilst avoiding the picturesque particularity of COUSIN HUGH, PRINCE ARTHUR enlarged upon the topic of female dress. Amazing figures had been given to him setting forth extravagance under this head of domestic expenditure.

"I have no means of testing them," he added. (SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: "Hear, hear!")

But he accepted them with full confidence in their accuracy. Under proposal of the Bill executors are required to act as a Grand Jury and decide whether during the five years preceding death of testator expenditure upon his wife's frocks was justifiable. The dresses, "and so on," would have to be looked over first by the executors and then by the commissioners.

"It is idiotic," PRINCE ARTHUR thundered, bringing down on Table resounding blow which happily covered shrill murmur of approval from Ladies' Gallery.

Unlike majority of speeches delivered, whether on one side of the House or the

other, this manly outburst had instant effect. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER capitulated on two important points. Excluded marriage settlements from range of Death Duties; reduced from five years to three the period preceding death within which gifts shall pay tribute to the Treasury.

Business done.—Twenty-eighth sitting in Committee on Budget Bill.

Thursday.—"Having, man and boy, been in the House for nigh forty years, I am prepared for anything. But never thought I would live to hear TIM HEALY denounced by his fellow-countrymen as a landlord."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, distractedly brushing his hair the wrong way.

Event happened on consideration of report of Irish Land Bill. It was Mr. FLAVIN who, breaking a silence that has long eclipsed the gaiety of the House, levelled the charge. IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced new clause defining untenanted land. TIM briefly described it as "botched and discreditable." JOHN DILLON struck the note of indictment by sarcastically suggesting that opposition would have come better from the Ulster landlord camp above the Gangway.

This gave Mr. FLAVIN his cue. TIM interpolating a remark, he leaped to his feet and shouted at the top of his voice, "The hon. Member for North Louth is fighting to protect his own property in Kerry."

A burst of cheering rose from compatriots and companions dear among whom TIM doggedly sits for greater convenience in the matter of occasionally

sticking pins into them. The House looked on in amazement. Here was startling discovery! That TIM is a prosperous man, as prosperity goes at the Irish Bar, everybody knows and of it most people are glad, recognising the reward of supreme capacity. But TIM a landlord, "a sort of" Knight of Kerry, as LORD HALSBURY would say, gave pause, and for a while stopped progress of the Bill.

"Next thing we shall hear," said WALTER LONG, visibly dismayed, "is that TIM has been shot at from behind a hedge by a tenant evicted from his Kerry estate. That would be a picturesque and characteristic episode in the Irish Question."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill passed Report stage.

"To Englishmen the record will ever be remarkable of that July morning when the inhabitants of Dover awoke to find that the historic route from the mainland of Europe into England had been traversed for the first time on a machine heavier than air."—*The Times*.

All the same we have often done it on a fairly weighty steamboat.

"In all likelihood he will confess that he has never read, and perhaps never heard of Johnson's 'Lines and the Poet.'"—*Evening News*.

In which case we don't blame him.

"The Common sin Committee again took up the Finance Bill."—*Glasgow Herald*.

It almost looks as if *The Glasgow Herald* might be a Unionist paper.



THE GIFT HORSE.

Grandchild (from town—to Grandfather, who has given her a pony). "I SUPPOSE YOU WENT TO A HORSE-SHOP AND BOUGHT HIM?"
Grandfather. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I BOUGHT HIM FROM A FRIEND." *Grandchild. "OH, I SEE—SECOND-HAND."*

FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

"To authors retiring. Send for free pamphlet containing full directions as to new careers. —Restall & Co."

ACCUSTOMED as I am to the notice to "Tobacconists commencing," I rubbed my eyes when they first alighted upon the above sign of the times; and it was not long before I was seated, note-book in hand, in Mr. Restall's office.

"Yes," he said, "it has already had a great success, that ad. We have been besieged for advice."

"Are so many authors, then, giving up?" I asked.

"Practically all," he replied. "There's nothing in it any longer. The seven-penny novel, you know—Motoring—Aviation—Polar Exploration—Music Halls. So many distractions. The public are tired of books; they want life; and the novelists are acting accordingly. It's very wise of them, I think. Miss HELEN MATHERS deserves a statue. I would erect one to her on Peckham Rye."

"Why Miss HELEN MATHERS?"

"Because she began it. Took to the

wall-paper trade instead. Then the *Pigs in Clover* genius: the very frank DANBY. She gave it up too, and turned all her energies to embroidery; and now the others are pressing in—all but a few obstinate ones. And they'll find out their mistake soon."

"Who have you had to-day, for example?"

"To-day. Lots and lots of them. You wouldn't believe! Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Yes, no other. Wants a complete outfit as a travelling tinker. He hadn't been gone but a minute or two when in-bounded Mr. H. G. WELLS. Dead sick of books; could I tell him of any aero-garage in need of a manager? Mr. BELLOC is taking an inn and will do well: he's a fine young fellow."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no. Here's Sir GILBERT PARKER wanting to know if Mr. HARRIMAN's position has been filled up yet; and Mr. CHESTERTON is applying for the post of waiter at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. Mr. KIPLING wants Lord KITCHENER's place in India, and Mr. HENRY JAMES is thinking of intensive French gardening. Mr. BERNARD SHAW

is going to be a professional artist's model."

"And the authoresses?" I said.

"Oh, the ladies! Plenty of them. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD refuses to give up, but Miss CORELLI's written to me. Can I, she asks, use my influence to get her the post of Mistress of the Robes in succession to the Duchess of BUCCLEUCH? ANNIE S. SWAN is retiring too; she and Mrs. L. T. MEADE are taking a school. ELIZABETH GLYN writes inquiring after a post as manageress of a pickle factory."

"What will become of the publishers?" I asked.

"Oh, I've got snug little berths in the workhouses bespoken for most of them," said Mr. Restall.

Lord ROSEBURY as reported in *The Daily Mail*:

"For five years, therefore, a man is not a human bing but a phost, and as nobody knows when he will die, we are all perpetual whosts." Yet there are many who would rather be a phost for five years than a bing, human or inhuman, all his life. As for the perpetual whosts, we prefer to speak of them in our next number.

GREAT SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

GRAND DUCHESS AND ARGENTINE BRIDE-GROOM.

DAZZLING SCENES.

THE historic burgh of Comrie, in Perthshire, was one blaze of epithalamic splendour yesterday for the nuptials of the Grand Duchess Volga to Hector Hirschbergheimer, the Argentine millionaire, son of the late Melchisedek Waterbury Hirschbergheimer, of Odessa and Pittsburg. The town, which, true to its reputation for seismic activity, had signalled the occasion by a series of genial earthquake shocks, was profusely decorated with bunting, and the streets were lined from an early hour with Highlanders, Gauchos, Patagonian Hussars, and a squadron of the Imperial Cossacks of the Ukraine, of which the Grand Duchess is the Honorary Colonel.

The first to arrive at the church for the ceremony were Lord and Lady Leyds and the Hon. Marma Leyds, of Inversquish, Lord and Lady Skibo, the Bamburgher of Bamburgh, Enver Bey of Loch Enver, Sir Jeroboam Szlumper of Inchnadamph (wearing the uniform of the Joppa Fusiliers), Mr. Virgil P. Boyles, Miss Gulielma Zeltinger, Mr. Alonzo Kimball, the Hospodar of Wallachia, the Ban of Croatia, Mr. Homer P. Tonks, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley Tartan (of New York), and other representatives of leading Highland county families.

The bridegroom, a magnificent albino, clad in the superb magenta uniform of the Magellan Carabiniers and accompanied by his cousin the Bamburgher of Bamburgh, arrived promptly at noon, the band of the Black (Waterbury) Watch playing the national anthem of Tierra del Fuego as he passed beneath the sumptuously decorated pergola into the sacred edifice. On the arrival of the Grand Duchess, who wore a sumptuous chinchilla poncho with platinum pom-poms, and was accompanied by her brother the Grand Duke Prosper (in Highland costume), who gave her away, the band played "The Star-spangled Banner." There were no bridesmaids, but the sermon was preached in Esperanto, and after the service the entire wedding party proceeded to Inversquish Castle for the wedding breakfast. In honour of the principals the viands were specially chosen to illustrate the international character of the alliance, and included *maté*, pemmican, capercaillie and sturgeon steaks, while the fountains ran with vodka until a late hour. The presents, which numbered more than a thousand, included three dirigible balloons, twenty samovars, a complete set of the works of Gogol, a fine cottage guanaco, a diamond-hilted *chistera*, and postal orders from local admirers.

AT THE PLAY.

"FALSE GODS."

I AM afraid that Sir HERBERT TREE has overrated the magic of M. BRIEUX's name, and thought that with a little stage management it could be made to work miracles, like the statue of Isis. But because a man can write freshly enough upon modern questions, such as the problem of Co-operation or that of Maternity, it does not follow that he will have anything but the baldest platitudes to give us when he gets among the ancients. I speak without knowledge of the original and cannot say how far M. BRIEUX has been Faganised



The Agnostic to his Love. "It's such waste of a really nice girl to throw you into the Nile; and anyhow you're much too slim to make it overflow properly."

Satni . . . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.
Yaouma . . . Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.

by his translator. But if the adaptation is an honest one then I gather that M. BRIEUX credits himself with having discovered a brace of bright new truths: (1) That there must have been agnostics in most ages; (2) That it is poor work destroying old creeds unless you can offer something satisfying in their place. Well, it doesn't take much genius to think of things like that. I believe I could have guessed them both myself, with my socks down.

The trouble came about through a potter's son (trained for the priesthood) going on a two-years' tour and getting his mind broadened. Where he picked up his agnosticism I can't imagine. At this period—whatever it was—most other nations were busy with creeds as crude as his father's. Anyhow, he returned home and denounced the bestial

gods of his country—and well he might, for they were an ugly-looking lot. Dead scarabs in his path had no terrors for him, and the accident of a thunderstorm coming at a moment when a human sacrifice was about to be made to the Nile brought him the reputation of miraculous powers. Either he must be a god himself, or in touch with gods more potent than the local ones. As poor *Mieris* pathetically put it (she had lost her sight and had also apparently mislaid her sense of humour):—"Nothing is impossible to our gods, and his gods are stronger still." However, he conscientiously declines to be a deity, and indeed will not commit himself to assert that there is any such thing, not, at any rate, within range of mortal advances. He contents himself with a sort of glorified Socialism, and, if the "false gods" had only been British Dukes, he might have been a Budgeteer after Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's own heart, though perhaps a shade too scrupulous. In the end the old order prevailed, which should be an encouragement for the Peers.

Talking of politics, Mr. BIRRELL, who was present on the first night, may have caught the dear old maxim: "We must not make martyrs, if we can help it." If so, I hope he thought of his Irish cattle-drivers.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, as *Satni*, the potter's son, had practically the only acting part. I never mistook him for an Egyptian, but I was bound to admire the courage of his convictions and his masterly alternations of restraint and expansion. But the human interest of the play, which had its opportunity in the clash of love and conscience, was never properly developed. True, there was promise in the scene between *Satni* and his lover, the girl who had been chosen by the god for sacrifice that the Nile might be persuaded to overflow (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY played the part of *Yaouma* with a very quiet dignity), but both of them, the girl especially, were too preoccupied with the claims of their respective creeds to give love a dog's chance.

It was rather sad to see Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL playing a superfluous part in a sketchy dress that ill became her, and to hear her wasting her golden voice over some very tedious pathos with only here and there a touch of poetry in it.

As for the Actor-manager, he reserved himself, as High Priest, for the pomps of the Final Act. His get-up was admirable, and he had the satisfaction of making a fool of the Pharaoh, and even threatened him with the disestablishment of the State. Also, he threw off some very sound cynicism on the social advantages to be derived from even the rottenest hierarchy. But it was not a great part, and, for what there was of it,

Sir HERBERT, the Actor, had chiefly to thank Sir BEERBOHM, the Manager.

The minor characters seemed to occupy a needless amount of our time over trivialities—such as the repairing of the broken horn of the hippopotamus-goddess, or the lesson in the elementary principles of moral intelligence, though the last was, no doubt, a necessary part of the game.

The scenery, with the exception of the dull foreground of Act III., was very effective; but the crowds (organised as admirably as ever) were for the most part without attraction and never came near to moving my sympathy, except for their ugliness. Indeed, I cannot think how the Agnostic was ever induced to set the machinery of the Isis-miracle in motion out of pity for a collection of supplicants who were merely noisy and repellent. Nor did the frequent spectacle of individuals prostrating themselves with their back view to the audience contribute greatly to the general sum of beauty. O. S.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."

There was a large crowd of Americans and me at the Adelphi to welcome Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY's melodramatic play, *The Great Divide*. I have had a warm corner in my heart for Arizona since first I saw it on the map, and it was in a Phillip Jordan's cabin in Southern Arizona that the First Act took place. When I saw that they all had six-shooters and brown shirts I knew that it was correct, but in spite of this I was very unhappy for the first few minutes. I couldn't keep up at all. At last I began to realise that the author was making desperate efforts to leave Ruth Jordan alone in the cabin, but could not get some of the other characters to go. However, he managed it in about twelve minutes, and then the fun began. Entered three "greasers" (jolly word)—Dutch, Pedro, and Stephen Ghent. To save herself from the others, Ruth offers herself to Stephen, the least depraved, our Mr. HENRY MILLER no less. Stephen buys off one of his companions, shoots the other, and carries off Ruth to the deputy-sheriff or some such cheese, who marries them at break of day.

Act II. finds them in Stephen's cabin in the Corderilla Mountains. I ought to say that his character had completely changed at the moment that he first saw Ruth, and that he is now a kindly and stoutish mine-owner. So at least he appears to us (and to himself); but Ruth cannot forget the drunken greaser who carried her off. After many words, and many attempts by Ruth and the author to explain her mixed feelings, Phillip Jordan, the brother (a man to whom I took an intense dislike), turns up, and with the lady's consent takes her home



BOTH WAYS.

Tube-Lift Man "IT SAYS 'NO SMOKING'—CAN'T YOU READ?"

Wag. "PARDON ME—IT SAYS 'SMOKE P. P. C.,' AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING."

to Mrs. Jordan, who lives at Milford Corners, Mass.

By the time Act III. begins there is what Stephen calls a "little rooster." Ruth has not seen or heard of her husband, nor has he seen his child. But there has been a plot by Mrs. Jordan to bring them together; and now Stephen appears in his town clothes looking more like a fairly bad butler than anything else. There is one more attempt at explanations, and Stephen says a lot of things to her which he ought to have said before (and one thing which he ought never to have said—namely, that all the angels "working overtime" could not blot out his sins: a typical American joke at

which the American audience laughed boisterously). In the end Ruth realises that she will never explain just how she feels, and Stephen realises that as long as he is in his best suit nobody could possibly love him; and so they start off together to the Wild West again. Accompanied by the little rooster.

Miss EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON was superb in a very difficult part. She understood the character at least as well as did Ruth Jordan and Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Mr. HENRY MILLER I should like to see in comedy. He has great gifts of facial expression and a quiet natural manner, but the "strong (and stoutish) silent man" is too easy a part for him. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Tilda is indeed the dearest and most nimble of gutter-snipes. Thoroughly alive to all the charms of the Black Country, she is not slow to discover that the chief of them is the romantic ease with which you escape thence into the fairest fields and pastures of England. Manipulating the rescue of a sweet boy child from his orphanage prison, she drifts by canal barge from Wolverhampton-way to Stratford-on-Avon, glides by canoe to Evesham, rushes by motor to Tewkesbury, and sails triumphant per SS. *Evan Evans* to her island goal, Holmness. In all this she is aided by no tire-some miracles, but relies only on her shrewd use of the better nature of chance acquaintances. The pathetic opening of *True Tilda* (J. W. ARROWSMITH) is perhaps a little commonplace, but that small blemish is soon forgotten in the rare sense of atmosphere which "Q." maintains. As the reader progresses he will see that none of the poetic and humorous possibilities of the situation has been overlooked, and, if at any time he ventures to predict the end of a chapter, he will always be delighted to find that he has predicted it wrongly. He will be kept incessantly agog by turns and twists of frolic and caprice, which are never laboured, and, as he finishes the book with the poetry of the sea still ringing in his ears and the only laughter which is worth laughing still bubbling from his lips, he will place his hand on his heart (if he can find it) and breathe a fervent "Thank Q."

Mr. Walkingshaw, the hero of *The Prodigal Father* (MILLS AND BOON), was a reputable writer to the Signet until—in a gouty moment—he consulted Professor Cyrus, and started rather precipitately upon what I need not apologise for calling his backward career. Indeed the result of the treatment prescribed for him was that he cast off his years with amazing rapidity, and that his spirits rose most indecorously as he pursued his wild course down the ages. A middle-aged widow to whom he had been engaged in his exemplary days was no longer gay enough for his rejuvenated notions; even "a little blow-out in London," refreshing as it was for the time, could not curb his increasing youthfulness. We leave him standing first in the batting averages of a select private school, though he would soon have to pass preposterously on to a kindergarten establishment or to his cradle. I see that Mr. STORER CLOUSTON has dedicated his book "to an unknown correspondent who once made a certain suggestion;" but if the idea is not Mr. CLOUSTON'S I can nevertheless congratulate him upon the amusing way in which he has treated it, and upon the sanity which is to be found in this farcical entertainment.

In the uncompromising title of his new novel, *Low Society* (CONSTABLE), "ROBERT HALIFAX" makes no attempt to mislead his public. Here is fair notice that we are invited once more to breathe the uninspiring atmosphere which the author so

admirably assimilates. This time we move among the jerry-built purlieus of Barking, and Mr. *Matt Cassuade*, professor of bricks and mortar, is the shoddy villain of the piece. The book is a collection of types associated rather by the accident of neighbourhood than by any very strong dramatic relationship. We miss the bright thread of love-romance that runs through the author's last work, *The Borderland*; for the wooing of *Selina Shadd* by George Baversham is too cynical to come within that category. But romance was probably never the dominant feature of this down-river locality, and Mr. "HALIFAX" knows what he is doing when he confines himself to its native flora and does not worry about exotics. He observes sympathetically, and has the power to make others see what he has seen. The environment of his characters is naturally rather sombre and colourless, but he relieves it with many gay touches of humour, not too subtle for the conditions which provoke them.

When I began to read *A Reaping* (HEINEMANN), I thought that the first person singular of Mr. E. F. BENSON'S charmingly discursive reflections was an imaginary author, not to be confused with Mr. BENSON himself. Had not this author a wife, *Helen*, and was not Mr. BENSON one of the noble company of bachelors? Afterwards, when I discovered references to his own *Book of Months*, I saw that I had made a mistake. Mr. E. F. BENSON and his author are the same person, but for this occasion only he has married. Well, I congratulate him on choosing, and being chosen by, so delightful a lady as *Helen*. Their cousin *Legs*, who lived with them, was also delightful, and I was sorry when Mr. BENSON found it necessary to lose him. But of course

I knew that there had to be an accident or an illness in Mr. BENSON'S books to make them legal; the copyright expires unless the hero does, as one might say. Each month has a chapter to itself—a pretty arrangement, but one which makes for artificiality. Thus, being quite sure that *Helen* didn't really rush around the Continent in that last month but one, I could not help remembering that Mr. E. F. BENSON was a well-known Greek authority, full of pleasant thoughts on Athens in spring which would just fill a chapter. Yes, it is a good chapter, but I think his wife's health should have come first.

"The crooked stick which was stated to be a Tam o' Shanter, but which was really a helmet, was somewhat less remarkable than the wheel."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

It sounds more like HARRY LAUDER.

"From the church to the street ran a pagoda adorned with the Braganza colours—crimson and blue."—*The Evening News*.

"One can fancy them thinking they were being conveyed in pagomas after the Chinese fashion!"—*The Ashton Reporter*.

What very handy things they must be. Here, as a beginning, are two ways of spelling and using them.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—III.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON IN SMOKING.